

No. 4 -
MAR-APR.

SKELETON HAND

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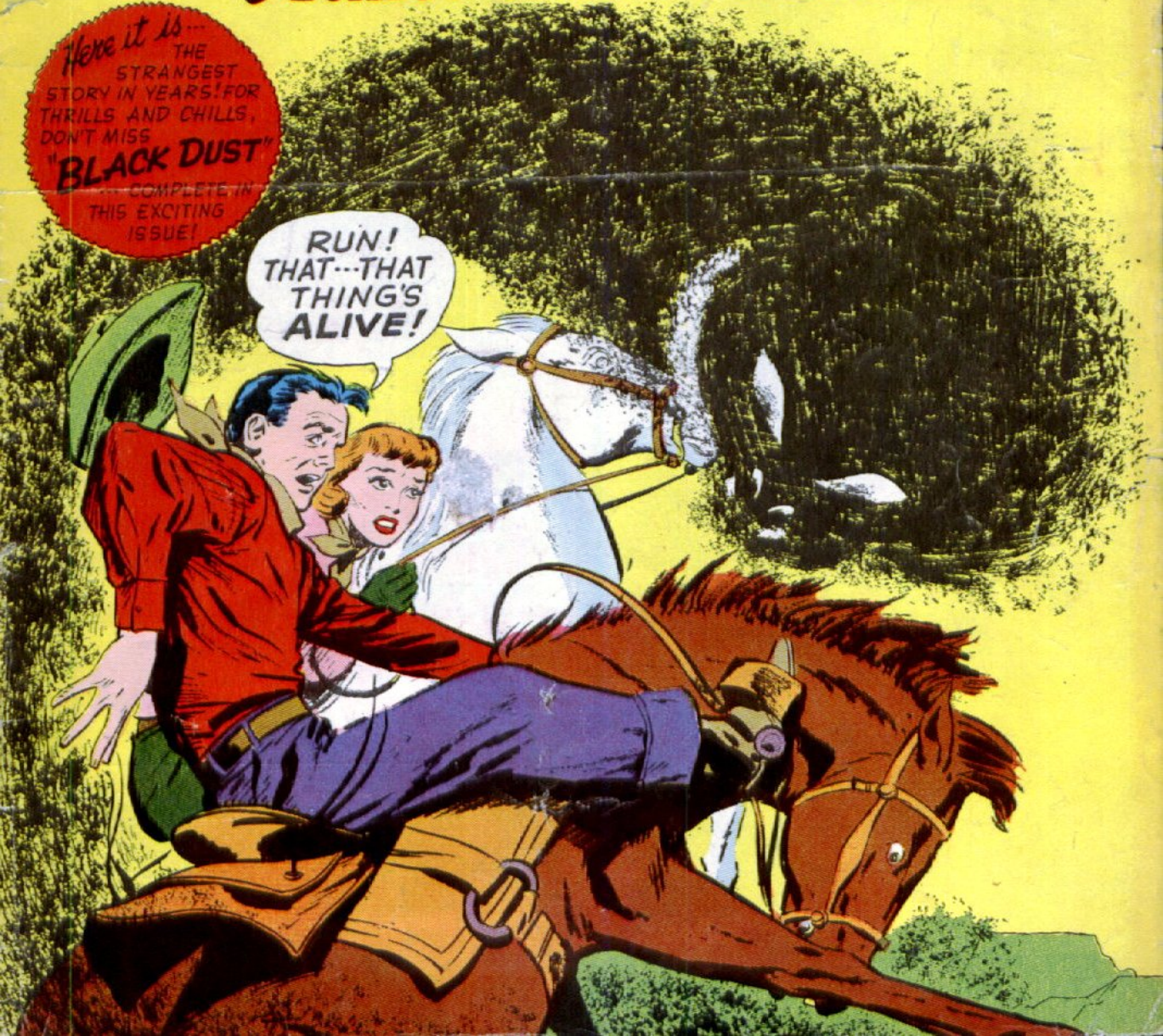
in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

Here it is...
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THRILLS AND CHILLS,
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"BLACK DUST"

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THAT...THAT
THING'S
ALIVE!





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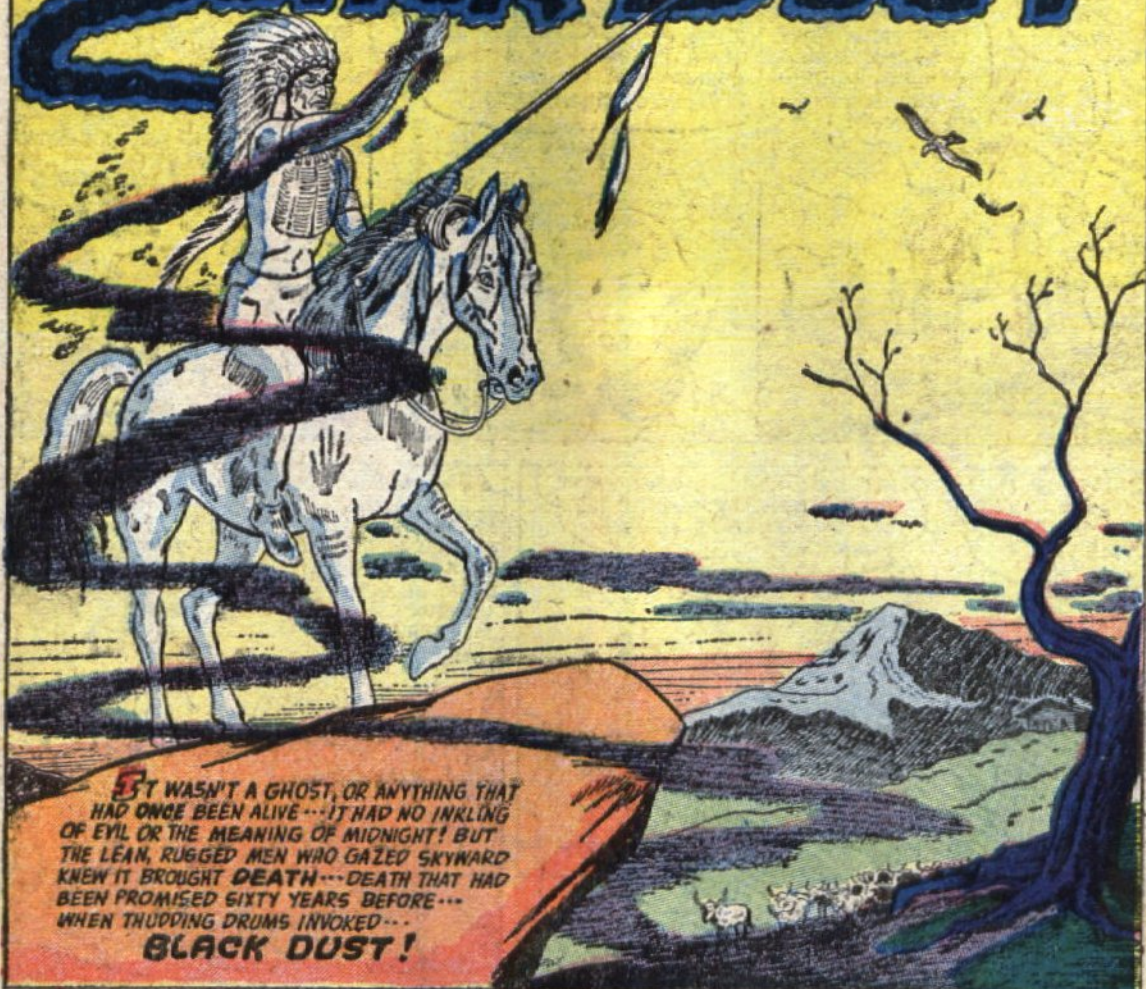
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☐ Tell me about Trial Plan.

BLACK DUST



IT WASN'T A GHOST, OR ANYTHING THAT HAD ONCE BEEN ALIVE...IT HAD NO INKLING OF EVIL OR THE MEANING OF MIDNIGHT! BUT THE LEAN, RUGGED MEN WHO GAZED SKYWARD KNEW IT BROUGHT **DEATH**...DEATH THAT HAD BEEN PROMISED SIXTY YEARS BEFORE... WHEN THUDDING DRUMS INVOKED...

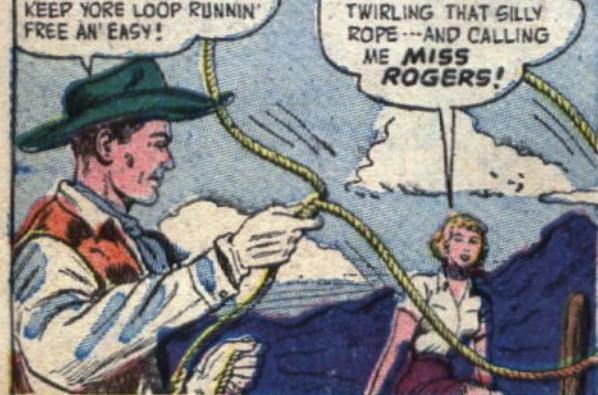
BLACK DUST!

AT THE BROKEN ARROW RANCH...IN SOUTHERN COLORADO...

HERE'S THE WAY YOU DO IT, MISS ROGERS! YOU JUST KEEP YORE LOOP RUNNIN' FREE AN' EASY!

SLIM, I'M GOING TO BE RUNNING **OFF** MY LOOP...IF YOU DON'T STOP TWIRLING THAT SILLY ROPE...AND CALLING ME **MISS ROGERS!**

GOSH, MISS ROGERS...I MEAN **BETTY**...I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW WHAT ELSE THAR **IS** TO DO! THIS HERE'S MY FIRST SEASON O' DUDE RANCHIN'...IN FACT...**YOU'RE** THE ONLY DUDE WHO'S SHOWED UP SO FAR!



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I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT, SLIM!
LET'S GO
RIDING---
TO GHOST
DANCE
VALLEY!

NO, MA'AM---
WE'RE NOT GOIN'
NEAR THE PLACE!
RECKON I SHOULDN'T
HAVE MENTIONED
WHAT HAPPENED IN
THESE PARTS WHEN
GRANDPAW STAKED
OUT THIS RANCH---
SIXTY YEARS
AGO!

WHY NOT, SLIM? THE INDIANS STAGED
A WEIRD TRIBAL DANCE THAT LAST-
ED FOR MANY MONTHS---SAYIN' IT
WOULD CAUSE **SOMETHING** TO
DRIVE THE CATTLEMEN AWAY! THEN
THE CAVALRY CAME TO DISBAND THE
INDIANS---AND YOUR GRANDFATHER
SAVED THE LIFE OF A CHIEF NAMED
RUNNING WOLF! WHAT'S GO
MYSTERIOUS ABOUT THAT?

MORE'N I CAN SAY, BETTY! THAT'S
NOTHIN' CHICKEN-HEARTED ABOUT
THE RANCHERS AROUND HERE---
BUT THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH HOGS
SENSE TO STAY AWAY FROM
GHOST DANCE VALLEY---**EVER
SINCE THE INJUNS WERE
DRIVEN OUT!**

WELL, MAYBE
I'M JUST AN IN-
QUISITIVE DUDE
WHO DOESN'T KNOW
ANY BETTER---
**BUT I'M GOING
TO TAKE A
LOOK!**

BETTY---WAIT!
YOU AIM TO RIDE
OUT THAR
ALONE?

THAT DEPENDS! I'LL MEET YOU AT
THE CANYON LEADING INTO THE
VALLEY---**UNLESS YOU'RE
AFRAID!**

A HALF-HOUR LATER---

BETTER THINK TWICE,
GAL! GO RIDIN' THROUGH
THAT CANYON---AN' IT
WON'T BE ANY
LAUGHIN' MATTER!

THAT'LL BE A
CHANGE, ANYWAY---
I'VE BEEN LAUGHING
AT YOU AND YOUR
TALL STORIES FOR
A WHOLE
WEEK!

BEYOND---STARK AND FORBIDDING UNDER THE
CLOUDED SKY---

**GHOST DANCE
VALLEY! HEAVENS,
SLIM---IT'S
CERTAINLY
QUIET!**

SHORE IT IS! THERE HASN'T
BEEN A HUMAN BEIN' DOWN
HERE SINCE RUNNIN' WOLF
AN' HIS BRAVES WERE
SCATTERED---EXCEPT THE
PAIR O' FOOLS WHO ARE
HERE **NOW!**

HOLD ON, BETTY! YOU
FIGURIN' TO
WALK
AROUND?

WHY NOT? I'M INTERESTED IN
WHY THE INDIANS PICKED **THIS**
SPOT FOR THEIR GHOST DANCE
---WHEN THERE'S NOTHING IN
THE VALLEY BUT THAT JUMBLE
OF ROCKS!

A MOMENT LATER...

MY GRANDPAW GOT TO BE REAL PARTNERS WITH RUNNIN' WOLF BEFORE THE OL' WAR-HOSS DIED--- BUT HE COULD NEVER GIT THE CHIEF TO SAY WHAT KIND O' STRANGE POWER THEY EXPECTED TO STIR UP IN THIS VALLEY! BUT AFTER DANCIN' AN' STOMPIN' FER MONTHS ON END---THOSE INJUNS MUST'VE EXPECTED **SOMETHIN'!**

SLIM--- WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK OVER THERE!



UP FROM THE ROCKS---WITH A SLOW, CREEPING MOVEMENT---

SUFFERIN' CATFISH! CAN'T BE SMOKE, BETTY---IT'S TOO THICK---AN' TOO BLACK!



IT'S RISING HIGHER, SLIM--- INTO SOME KIND OF HORRIBLE SHAPE!

YEP---AN' I DON'T LIKE IT NOWH! COME ON---LET'S SADDLE UP!



IT'S MOVING FORWARD---AS IF IT'S BEEN RELEASED! BUT WHY---WHEN IT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE?

I'VE GOT AN IDEE---BECAUSE THAR'S NEVER BEEN PALE-FACES IN GHOST DANCE VALLEY BEFORE! THE INJUNS GOT THAT THING RILED UP---AN' IT'S BEEN WAITIN'!



SLIM---FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T CALL IT A **THING!**

HAVE IT YORE WAY, GAL! MEBBE IT'S **VOLCANO DUST**---RISIN' FROM AN OL' CRATER DEEP DOWN IN THE ROCKS!

AN' THEN AGAIN---MEBBE IT'S SOME KIND O' **FORCE** THE REDSKINS ROUSED UP WITH THEIR DANCIN'---**SOMETHIN' ALIVE!**

SLIM, THERE'S **DUST** FALLING ALL THROUGH THE CANYON---**BLACK DUST!**



THEN---LIKE A STORM CLOUD STALKING ACROSS THE RANGE---

WHAT MAKES IT **GROW** LIKE THAT, SLIM? AND WHAT ARE THOSE TWO STRANGE OPEN SPACES---UP NEAR THE TOP?

MIGHT BE OPENINGS MADE BY AIR CURRENTS! BUT FROM THE WAY THEY LOOK AN' WHAR THEY'RE PLACED---**I'D CALL 'EM EYES!**



BACK AT THE BROKEN ARROW RANCH---

IT'S DIRECTLY OVERHEAD NOW, SLIM--AND IT'S SHADOWING THE SKY LIKE MID-NIGHT--AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTER-NOON!

KIN YOU WONDER WHY? THAT BLACK DUST IS DRIFTIN' DOWN--IT'S MOUNTIN' INTO LITTLE DRIFTS--EVERYWHAR!



THREE MILES AWAY---

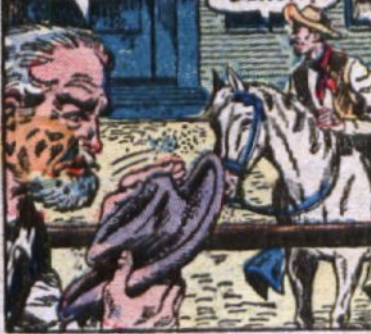
HOWDY, BUCKSHOT! BLAMED IF I DON'T THINK SLIM HAWLEY'S PLUMB LOCO--JEST SAW HIM RIDIN' OUT O' GHOST DANCE VALLEY WITH THAT GAL DUDE!

YUH MUST BE SEEN' THINGS, ZEKE! SLIM CAN'T BE IN HIS RIGHT MIND AFTER STARTIN' A DUDE RANCH--BUT HE AIN'T THAT CRAZY!



HOPPIN' HORNED TOADS---THAR'S SHORE A HEAP O' SOOTY CHIMNEYS IN THIS HERE TOWN!

BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT A MITE OF SMOKE, BUCKSHOT! IT'S SOMETHIN' IN THE SKY---**SOMETHIN' BLACK!**



BY NOON NEXT DAY---ON RANCHES FOR MILES AROUND---

WHY DOESN'T THAT THING GO AWAY, PA? WHAT IS IT?

NOTHIN', SON! JEST--**BLACK DUST!**



BUT IT'S GOT EYES, PA! WHAT'S IT LOOKIN' FER?

I DUNNO, SON! THE INJUNS USED TUH SAVVY ABOUT THESE THINGS---BUT THEY'RE GONE!



ANOTHER DAWN CAME--AND STILL IT DRIFTED DOWN! CHOKING THE GRASS THAT FED THE HERDS--TURNING THE WATERHOLES INTO POOLS OF MUD--**BLACK DUST!**

YUH RECKON OL' BUCKSHOT KIN FIGGER IT OUT?

HE'S GOT TUH! HE'S LIVED EIGHTY Y'ARS IN THESE PARTS--HE'S LICKED EVERYTHING FROM DROUGHT TUH PRAIRIE FIRES--AN' HE KIN LICK **THIS!**



BLACK DUST--THAR'S NOTHIN' KIN EXPLAIN IT, GENTS--UNLESS SOMEONE HAPPENED TUH RIDE TUH A PLACE HE SHOULD'VE STAYED AWAY FROM--**LIKE GHOST DANCE VALLEY!**

WE HEARD THAT STORY ABOUT SLIM HAWLEY, BUCKSHOT! BUT JUMPIN' JIMSON, IT CAN'T BE THAT--JEST BECAUSE A PASSAL O' INJUNS DANCED THAR ONCE!



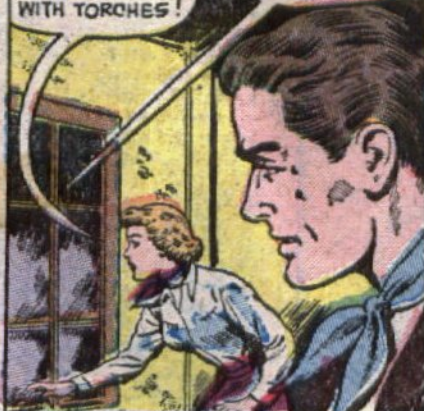
I WOULDN'T BE TOO GHORE!
I SAW 'EM MUHSELF SIXTY
Y'ARS AGO...RUNNIN' WOLF
AN' A HUNDRED PAINTED
BRAVES...HOOTIN' AN'
STOMPIN' IN THE VALLEY
TUH MAKE **SOMETHIN'**
DRIVE AWAY THE PALE-
FACES! WAL, MEBBE IT'S
HAPPENIN'...MEBBE
THIS IS WHAT THEY WERE
DANCIN' FER...**BLACK
DUST!**



**THAT NIGHT...WITH THE VERY DARKNESS
CHOKED AND MUFFLED...**

THERE'S A GROUP
OF RIDERS OUT-
SIDE, SLIM...
WITH TORCHES!

**SLIM
HAWLEY!**



**SLIM...YUH
GOT TUH
MAKE IT
STOP!**

**HOW? KIN I
RIDE OUT AN'
GIT A ROPE
AROUND IT? KIN I SHOOT
IT?**



**YOU STARTED IT, SLIM!
YUH GOT TUH FIGGER
A WAY!**

**WE'RE GITTIN' DESPERATE!
DO SOMETHIN' PRONTO, OR
WE'LL BE DIGGIN' YORE
GRAVE...IN BLACK
DUST!**



SLIM...I SHOULD
HAVE LISTENED TO
YOU! THE RANCHERS
BLAME YOU FOR
RIDING INTO GHOST
DANCE VALLEY...
**BUT IT WAS
MY FAULT!**

NOPE...I'M THE ONE
WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!
AFTER HEARIN' ALL THOSE
STORIES GRANDPAW TOLD
ABOUT RUNNIN' WOLF...
I WAS PLUMB **CRAZY**
TO TAKE A CHANCE!
IT TOOK SIXTY YEARS
TO HAPPEN, BETTY...
AN' NOW RUNNIN'
WOLF IS GETTIN'
EVEN!



BUT YOUR GRANDFATHER SAVED RUNNIN'
WOLF'S LIFE, SLIM...AFTER THE GHOST
DANCE! IF THE OLD CHIEF WERE STILL
ALIVE...I KNOW HE'D HELP YOU!

**JUMPIN'
JIMSON...
THAT GIVES
ME AN
IDEE!**



RUNNIN' WOLF'S BEEN IN HIS GRAVE
ON PANTHER NOTCH FOR OVER
FIFTY YEARS...BUT IF I EVER
HOPED FOR ANYTHING...
IT'S THAT HE KIN
HELP ME **NOW!**

**SLIM, WE WERE
TOGETHER IN GHOST
DANCE VALLEY...AND
WE'RE GOING TO BE
TOGETHER
TONIGHT!**



FROM HIGH ABOVE...PEERING DOWN OVER THE BLACK WASTELAND...

THERE IT IS, SLIM...BLACK DUST FALLING...AND THE EYES WATCHING US!

EYES CAN'T KEEP US AWAY FROM PANTHER NOTCH, BETTY! LET 'EM WATCH...JEST AS LONG AS RUNNIN' WOLF LISTENS!



ON A WINDSWEEP RIDGE...

IS THIS THE SPOT, SLIM?

YEP! HERE'S WHERE THEY BURIED HIM...SIX FOOT DEEP IN THE GROUND HE TRIED TO HOLD! THAT WAS MOREN FIFTY YEARS AGO, BUT THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN' LEFT OF THE OL' GHOST DANCER...ABLE TO HEAR MY VOICE...AND FEEL THE BLACK DUST THAT'S FALLIN' LIKE A CURSE!



RUNNIN' WOLF...LISTEN! MY NAME IS HAWLEY...MY BLOOD IS THE BLOOD OF A FRIEND...MY EYES HAVE SEEN THE BAD MEDICINE OF GHOST DANCE VALLEY!



SIXTY YEARS AGO WE TRICKED AN' ROBBED YOU, RUNNIN' WOLF...AN' MEBBE SIXTY YEARS AGO WE WOULD'VE LEARNED A LESSON...FROM BLACK DUST! BUT NOW YOU AN' YORE BRAVES ARE GONE...THAR'S NO ONE ON THE LAND BUT US...KEEPIN' IT GREEN AN' GROWIN' THE WAY IT USED TO BE! YOU'VE GOT TO **HELP** US, RUNNIN' WOLF...YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE BACK TO GHOST DANCE VALLEY SOMETHIN' THAT BELONGS THAR...**THE BLACK DUST!**



SUDDENLY...

OH! SLIM...THERE HE IS!

RUNNING WOLF...HAS HEARD! RUNNING WOLF REMEMBERS...HAWLEY...REMEMBERS...BLACK DUST!



LIKE A RISING WIND...COMES THE RUSH OF GHOSTLY HOOFES!

LOOK...IT'S A PHANTOM HORSE!

I ALWAYS HEARD AN INJUN'S FAVORITE MOUNT JOINS HIM **SOMEWHAR** IN THE AFTER-LIFE, BETTY...AN' I RECKON THIS PROVES IT!



THEN...GALLOPING NOISELESSLY THROUGH THE NIGHT...

SLIM, DO YOU SUPPOSE RUNNIN' WOLF'S REALLY GOING BACK...TO **GHOST DANCE VALLEY?**

YEP, AN' HE'LL BE PICKIN' UP **OTHER GHOSTLY RIDERS** ALONG THE TRAIL...**INJUN RIDERS!** LET'S HEAD FER THE VALLEY...AN' SEE **WHAT HAPPENS!**



MINUTES LATER...THUDDING ACROSS THE RANGE...ACROSS THE ENDLESS REACHES OF BLACK DUST...

SLIM...WHAT'S THAT ECHOING NOISE?

I CAN'T FIGGER IT OUT, BETTY... BUT IT'S SHORE AS SHOOTIN' COMIN' FROM GHOST DANCE VALLEY!

BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

IT SOUNDED AS FAR AS THE REMOTEST RANCH...AND IN TOWN...

BOOM!
BOOM-BOOM!

I TELL YUH IT CAN'T BE NOTHIN' BUT THUNDER!

NOT IN A MILLION Y'ARS! THAT THAR'S AN EARTHQUAKE...AN' I'LL BET ON IT!

RECKON YUH'RE BOTH WRONG, PARDNERS! THAT THAR NOISE HAS A BEAT I'VE HEARD BEFORE...THE BEAT O' GHOST DANCE DRUMS...THUMPIN' JEST LIKE THEY DID SIXTY Y'ARS AGO!

SOON AFTERWARD...

THAT NOISE IS FADING OFF, SLIM! I'M AFRAID WE GOT HERE TOO LATE TO SEE ANYTHING!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SHORE! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENIN'... TO THE BLACK DUST!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S RISING ALL AROUND US...SWEEPING UP TOWARD THAT TERRIBLE FIGURE!

YEP! IT'S BILLOWIN' IN FER MILES, BETTY...FROM WHEREVER IT SETTLED...BACK TO WHAR RUNNIN' WOLF WANTS IT!

AS THE MOON BREAKS THROUGH THE CLEARING SKY OVER GHOST DANCE VALLEY...

IT'S INCREDIBLE, SLIM...THERE ISN'T A SPECK OF BLACK DUST ANYWHERE!

EXCEPT THAR...SINKIN' DOWN INTUH THE ROCKS! THAT'S WHAR IT CAME FROM, AN' THAT'S WHAR IT'LL STAY! AFTER SIXTY YEARS, RUNNIN' WOLF'S MADE HIS PEACE...AN' THE DRUMS KIN BE QUIET!

THE ENTIRE COUNTRY SOON LEARNED ABOUT THE BLACK DUST...AND ALSO...IT LEARNED ABOUT THE BROKEN ARROW PUDE RANCH!

THAR'S NOTHIN' TO IT GALS...YOU JEST WANT TO KEEP YORE LOOP RUNNIN' FREE-E-E AN' EASY!

SLIM, IF YOU CAN POSSIBLY GET YOURSELF UNTANGLED...HOW ABOUT A LITTLE RIDE TO GHOST DANCE VALLEY?

THE END!

REUNION

SHE WAS OLD, and very tired, and she knew that soon she would die. But she didn't really care, for she looked upon death with passionate longing and hope.

Anna Lawrence had become a recluse upon the death of her husband, all interest in life gone. "But Anna," friends and relatives pleaded, "you're young! You're beautiful! You'll find happiness again!"

Anna's reply was a resigned shake of her lovely head, and a softly breathed, "No, I wish only peace and solitude, and to cherish his memory in my heart."

So Anna dedicated her life, living quietly and alone in the large house she and Don had purchased on their first and only wedding anniversary. It was a secluded house, high in the mountains, and far from the nearest town.

Anna preferred things that way, for she had insisted that Don be buried beneath a sheltered bower nearby. Each day she carried fresh flowers to the grave, and sat forlorn for hours on end, feeling very close to him. "Oh, Don," she would softly weep, "if only you would appear to me for a moment, if only I could hear your dear voice..." But he never appeared, nor were there any signs.

The years passed, and with them Anna's beauty. Her golden hair turned gray, her sprightly stride grew slow, and her labored breath came fast whenever she walked too far. Hardly aware of the changing seasons, she became old.

But now, as she lay under the heavy patchquilt on her massive bed, listening to the cruel wind moan in the black night across the snow covered mountains, she looked at her wrinkled hands and sighed, "How white and beautiful they were once! But now...so old and dry...and my hair so

dull and streaked with gray. The beauty Don adored...gone...gone..."

A terrible doubt beset her. Always she had been certain that she and her beloved would be rejoined in the afterworld, but now, she suddenly realized that he had died young...and that she was *very old*! Bitter tears fell down her time-worn face. Perhaps he was truly lost to her, for all *eternity*!

The candle at her bedside flickered, and she felt a dark mist pass before her eyes. "Oh, Don," she gasped, "don't leave me..." The mist deepened, and she knew that Death was near. She felt all strength ebbing away, and her hands grow icy cold.

Then, as if from a great distance, she heard the front door fly open, as if forced by the cruel wind. A bitter chill passed down her spine...and then...she became aware of *another* presence in the room!

"Wh-Who's there?" she whispered, terrified. "Please answer...I'm so afraid."

"It's only me, darling," a youthful voice replied, a voice from long ago.

She struggled to prop herself up against the pillows. The dimness before her eyes lifted, and there before her, *he* stood, smiling, fresh and handsome.

A heartfelt sob broke from her lips in a dying gasp, "But you're...so young, while I...I..."

Quickly he was beside her, seizing her limp hand. "Oh, my darling," she heard, "now we'll be together...always."

Her spirit, disembodied, rose from the bed and gripped his strong young arm. Behind her, her ancient body lay quietly on the pillows, a gentle smile on its face. But the hand which held her husband's now was white and beautiful, and the strands which fell across her face were brilliantly golden.

HE WAS A WEAKLING, A DOWARD, AND THE PATTOR OF THE RAIN WAS A DISMAL ECHOING OF HIS OWN FRIGHTENED HEART! TREMBLING, HE TRIED TO SWALLOW HIS FEAR, KNOWING THAT HIS SALVATION COULD ONLY COME THROUGH THE OLD MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF ---

The DREAM KEEPER!



AS THE DOOR SWUNG WIDE ON RUSTED HINGES---

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE! I---I NEED YOUR HELP---**DESPERATELY!** I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU ---THAT YOU SELL THINGS THAT CAN'T BE BOUGHT ELSEWHERE!

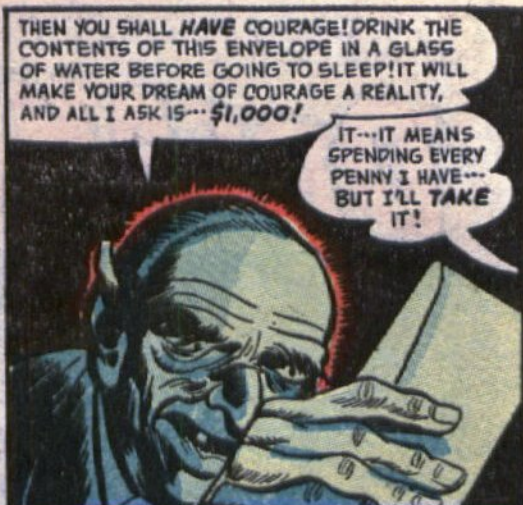
YOU HAVE HEARD CORRECTLY! COME IN, YOUNG MAN---**COME IN!**





NOW...WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO BUY?

COURAGE...IF SUCH A THING CAN BE BOUGHT! YOU SEE, I---I'M A COWARD! ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN AFRAID, AND I'VE HATED MYSELF FOR IT! I'D RATHER **DIE** THAN TO GO ON THIS WAY! Y---YOU **MUST HELP ME!**



THEN YOU SHALL **HAVE COURAGE!** DRINK THE CONTENTS OF THIS ENVELOPE IN A GLASS OF WATER BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP! IT WILL MAKE YOUR DREAM OF COURAGE A REALITY, AND ALL I ASK IS---**\$1,000!**

IT---IT MEANS SPENDING EVERY PENNY I HAVE--- BUT I'LL TAKE IT!



LATER THAT NIGHT---

IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THAT THIS POWDER CAN DO ANYTHING, BUT THAT OLD DEVIL HAS A REPUTATION FOR NEVER FAILING! ANYWAY, **HERE GOES!**



AS THE LIQUID TAKES EFFECT---

I---I FEEL SO **STRANGE!** MY EYES WON'T STAY OPEN! AND THE ROOM---IT'S SPINNING CRAZILY! IT'S THIS MIST---BUT HOW, WHERE, WHAT---



SLOWLY THE MIST THICKENS! THEN---

DO YOU HEAR ME, GEORGE KEMP? I ANSWER THE SUMMONS OF THE **DREAM KEEPER**, AND I WILL GRANT YOU THE COURAGE YOU SO DESPERATELY DESIRE! IN ANOTHER MOMENT--- ONLY ANOTHER---

N--NO! GO AWAY--- YOU **FRIGHTEN** ME!



GO AWAY! I DON'T--- WAIT! IT WAS ONLY A **DREAM!** THERE'S NOTHING HERE!



SUDDENLY---

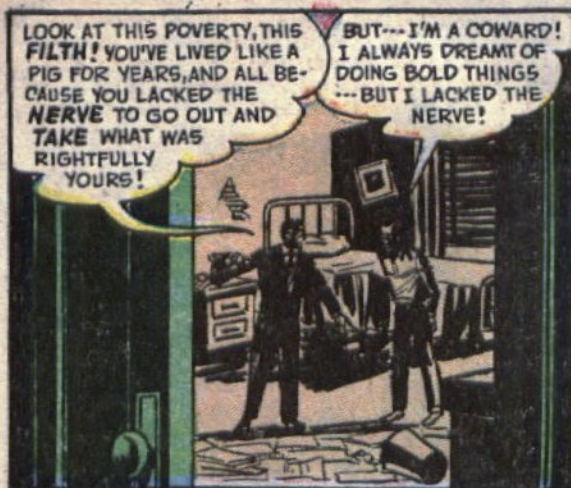
BUT I AM HERE!

WH-WHO ARE YOU? I C---CAN'T SEE!



N--NO! IT **CAN'T BE!** YOU LOOK LIKE ME, ONLY---

OF COURSE, YOU FOOL! I AM YOUR **OTHER SELF**... YOUR **OTHER NATURE**, TOO LONG IMPRISONED WITHIN YOUR COWARD'S BODY! BUT NOW I AM **FREE**---AT LAST MY VOICE WILL BE HEARD!



LOOK AT THIS POVERTY, THIS FILTH! YOU'VE LIVED LIKE A PIG FOR YEARS, AND ALL BECAUSE YOU LACKED THE NERVE TO GO OUT AND TAKE WHAT WAS RIGHTFULLY YOURS!

BUT---I'M A COWARD! I ALWAYS DREAMT OF DOING BOLD THINGS --- BUT I LACKED THE NERVE!



HOW WELL I KNOW IT! TIME AND AGAIN YOU WOULD DAY-DREAM ABOUT ROBBING A BANK, AND THOUGH I URGED YOU ON, YOU NEVER HAD THE COURAGE! TONIGHT THAT DREAM COMES TRUE! THIS TIME YOUR COWARDLY FLESH WILL OBEY ME!

YES--- YES! WHATEVER YOU SAY!

THROUGH DESERTED STREETS, THE SPECTRAL IMAGE LED THE WAY TO A LARGE BANK---



WAIT HERE! IT WILL ONLY TAKE A FEW MOMENTS --- AND DON'T BECOME FRIGHTENED!

I'M NOT AFRAID NOW --- NOT WHEN I'M WITH YOU!



GOOD HEAVENS---HE'S GOING THROUGH THOSE LOCKED DOORS AS THOUGH THEY WERE MADE OF AIR!



WHEN GEORGE'S SPECTRAL SELF RETURNED---

TH---THEY'RE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS! I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MUCH MONEY!

IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING --- NOTHING MORE THAN A LITTLE MORALE BOOSTER!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, IN A SWANK PENTHOUSE APARTMENT---

IT SAYS HERE, THE POLICE ARE BAFLED BY A SERIES OF PUZZLING ROBBERIES! ONE OFFICIAL SAYS THEY MUST HAVE BEEN PLOTTED BY A DARING MIND!

DARING, EH? THERE'S A WORD YOU NEVER HAD ASSOCIATED WITH YOUR SELF BEFORE!



THAT'S TRUE, BUT AFTER ALL, YOU REALLY ARE ME! YOU ARE MY INNER NATURE, RELEASED FROM MY COWARDLY BODY AND FREE TO ACT ON ITS OWN! WHY, I'M BEGINNING TO FORGET I EVER WAS A COWARD!

FINE, FINE! THEN LET'S PUT IT TO A TEST!



GO OUT ALONE TONIGHT! GO TO A NIGHTCLUB---YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TO ONE BEFORE! GAMBLE, HAVE FUN! DO THE THINGS YOU NEVER HAD THE COURAGE TO DO!

I WILL! I'LL DO ALL THE THINGS YOU SAY! I KNOW I CAN DO IT NOW!



Beyond the Grave!



EVIL THOUGHTS BREED EVIL DEEDS--AND WHERE THERE IS HATRED, DEATH OFTEN FOLLOWS! THESE WERE THE SIGNPOSTS OF CAUTION THAT A WISER MAN WOULD HEED, BUT YOUNG ERIC COLLINS WAS NOT A WISE MAN! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN--NOT WHEN HE ALREADY KNEW THAT THE OLD MAN'S POWER CAME FROM A SOURCE THAT LAY... **BEYOND THE GRAVE!**

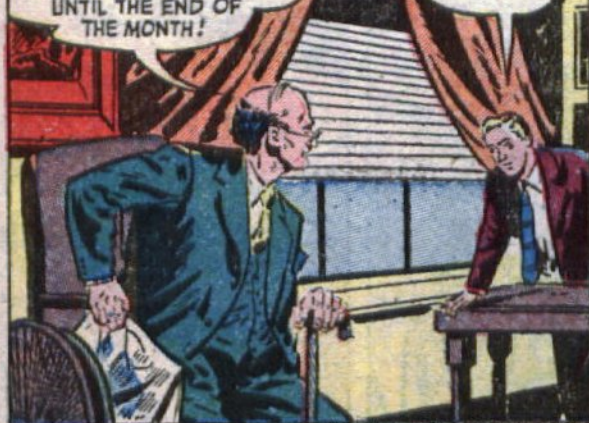
LATE ONE EVENING, IN THE HOME OF WEALTHY CYRUS B. COLLINS...

I DON'T CARE **NOW** DESPERATE YOU ARE--YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER PENNY OUT OF ME UNTIL THE END OF THE MONTH!

BUT IF MY DEBTS AREN'T PAID, THEY'LL PUT ME IN JAIL, UNCLE CYRUS!

GO TO JAIL THEN--ROT THERE, FOR ALL I CARE! ONLY GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND--YOU'VE **GOT TO!**





AS THE NIGHT DRAGS ON, ERIC WANDERS AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS...

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO-- **SOMETHING!** HE CAN GO ON LIVING FOR YEARS, MAKING ME BEG AND PLEAD FOR EVERY PENNY I GET...

SAY-- THAT SIGN UP AHEAD! MAYBE IT'S A CRAZY IDEA-- I WONDER--

Zebina Flint
'FUTURES'
TOLD

THIS COULD BE JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR! IF I CAN GET A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE, I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO WORK ON! MAYBE I CAN EVEN FIND OUT WHEN THE OLD MAN WILL DIE!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

AS THE OLD DOOR CREAKS OPEN...

I SAW YOUR SIGN! ARE--ARE YOU **REALLY** ABLE TO TELL THE FUTURE?

THAT'S WHAT THE SIGN SAYS. DOESN'T IT? WELL, DON'T JUST **STAND THERE!** COME IN, COME IN!

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW THE **FUTURE**, DO YOU, MR. ERIC COLLINS?

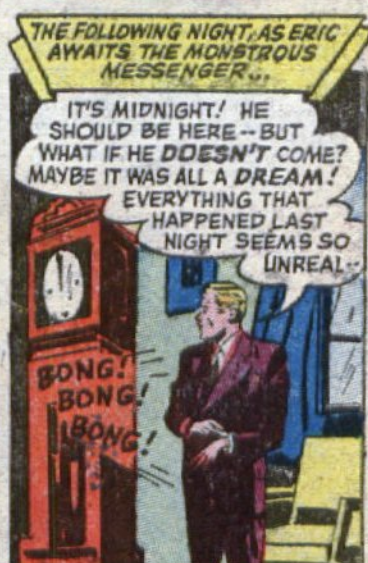
Y-YOU KNOW MY NAME-- BUT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ME BEFORE IN YOUR LIFE!

I KNOW **MORE** THAN JUST YOUR NAME-- I KNOW YOUR **THOUGHTS!** AND THEY'RE BLACK ONES! THEY SPEAK OF DEATH, ERIC-- THE DEATH YOU WISH FOR YOUR **UNCLE CYRUS!**

YOU CAN READ MY THOUGHTS-- BUT I DON'T CARE! I **DO** WISH HE WERE DEAD! I WON'T BE HAPPY UNTIL HE IS!

THEN PERHAPS I CAN BE OF ASSISTANCE! I HAVE THE MEANS OF **DISPOSING OF YOUR UNCLE** -- AND IN A MANNER IN WHICH YOU WOULD NEVER BE SUSPECTED!

HOW-- HOW?

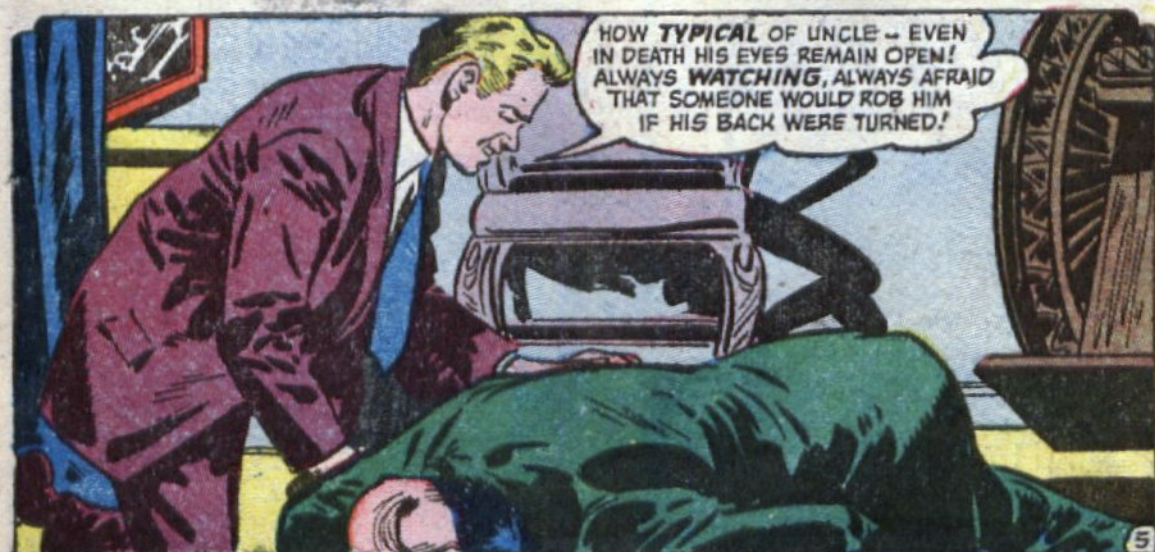




IN A LITTLE WHILE, DEAR UNCLE, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO CHANGE ANYTHING!



YES-- AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO!



TWO DAYS LATER, AT THE CEMETERY --

WELL, MR. SIMPSON? WHEN DO I TAKE POSSESSION OF THE ESTATE?

YOU MIGHT WAIT UNTIL THE COFFIN IS LOWERED! IT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO!



NEVER MIND THE SENTIMENT, MR. SIMPSON! THE MEDICAL REPORT STATES MY UNCLE DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES, AND HIS WILL NAMES ME AS SOLE HEIR! ALL I'M INTERESTED IN IS WHEN DO I GET THE MONEY?

MY LEGAL STAFF IS WORKING ON THE PAPERS RIGHT NOW! DON'T WORRY, THE MONEY IS YOURS, AS WELL AS THE HOUSE!



A WEEK LATER, AS ERIC DINES CAROL IN THE OLD MANSION...

IT'S ALL MINE, BABY--THE HOUSE AND THE FORTUNE! I SIGNED THE FINAL PAPERS THIS MORNING! IT COMES TO OVER A MILLION BUCKS!

THIS CALLS FOR REAL CELEBRATING!



LET'S GO OUT AND DO THE TOWN! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

NOT ME -- I KINDA GO FOR IT! IT'S MINE NOW!



AND IT MAKES ME FEEL SCARED! I-I FEEL AS THOUGH EYES HAVE BEEN WATCHING ME ALL EVENING!

SURE, MY EYES! I HAVEN'T TAKEN 'EM OFF YOU SINCE YOU GOT HERE!

I'M NOT STAYING HERE! I'M GETTING OUT!

CAROL! COME BACK!



OKAY, SUIT YOURSELF -- ONLY DON'T BOTHER COMING BACK! I DON'T NEED YOU! I'M RICH -- I DON'T NEED ANYBODY!





CHILL CHATTER

IF THERE'S ONE time that we await with ill-concealed impatience, it's this...that gorgeous occasion which heralds a new issue and another opportunity to sit down with the members of America's fastest-growing fan club! Yes, we mean you, folks...loyal fans and wholehearted supporters all of "Skeleton Hand"!

Believe us, please...if ever there was a group of people who deserved medals, it's you! For you've done more than merely buy this great new magazine of the supernatural! You've lent us your own strength by coming back for more...by buying each of our issues! In what better manner could you demonstrate your endorsement of our editorial policies? What clearer method could you have chosen to indicate that you like our stories...and want more of them? But the great support that you've lent us has gone beyond merely purchasing our successive issues. You've shown your interest by writing us; telling us just what your preferences were in the way of plot...and in so doing, you yourselves have helped to shape the magazine you are now reading. You've made it your own magazine in more ways than one. Out of this

friendly interest and loyal support has emerged a tense, hard-hitting magazine of the supernatural, one which has captured the full measure of midnight thrills in bringing you as spine-chilling a galaxy of ghosts, vampires, zombies and werewolves as ever was published. In witness of this, we offer the current issue...by all odds, the best yet! You'll go far before you read such a story as "Black Dust", a weird chiller with a surprise twist that'll keep you tense and gasping. "The Dream Keeper" is something new in tales of terror, packing a supernatural wallop from beginning to end. Then, there's "Beyond The Grave!", the sort of thriller you've been calling for...and you'll love it! "Mirror of Doom" is a strange, breathless story of the occult...and "Horror in Hollywood" is guaranteed to chase chills up and down your spine!

We think it's a swell issue...now won't you tell us what you think? Address your letter to The Editor, "Skeleton Hand", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll print it if we have space! Meanwhile...let's see what some of our other readers think!

"Dear Editor:-

I am very much interested in your new magazine, 'Skeleton Hand'. The one thing that most interested me was the story called 'Monster of The Deep', because I know it has a genuine basis...an age-old legend which can be found in The Odyssey. I hope you keep up this type of material...it's the most original I've seen yet! It helps give your magazine a touch of the real supernatural, rather than just something dreamed up in a writer's imagination. Keep 'em coming!

--F. Mershon, White Plains, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I think 'Skeleton Hand' has everything a great supernatural comic should have...and a lot more! I've been collecting all kinds of different supernatural comics books, but yours is by far the best!

--Virginia Conway, Oak Park, Ill."

"Dear Editor:-

Keep up the great work on your chilling suspense stories! I read 'Skeleton Hand' from cover to cover, and find it very much to my liking. The stories I've liked best recently have been 'Deathless Mortal' and 'Death For Hire'. Your magazine is so good and spine-chilling that even my mother can't put it down!

--M. Park, St. Louis, Mo."

MIRROR OF DOOM

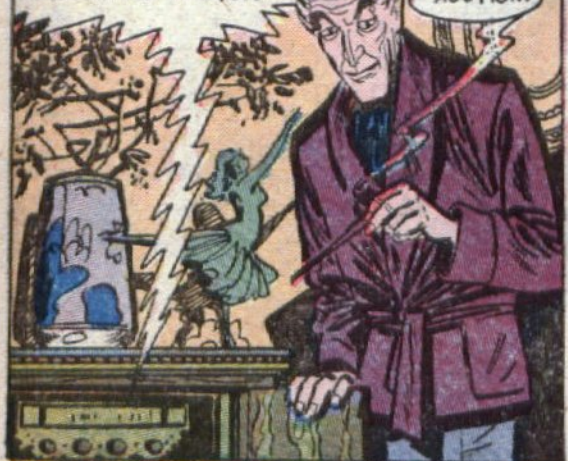


IN ANCIENT TIMES, BOTH SORCERERS AND ALCHEMISTS SOUGHT TO PLUMB THE UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERIES WHICH SEEM TO LIE BEHIND THE GLITTERING SURFACE OF A MIRROR! ALL FAILED, EXCEPT FOR THE GREAT WIZARD ALBERTUS MAGNUS, WHOSE KNOWLEDGE, IMPRISONED IN A MIRROR OF HIS OWN FASHIONING, EXISTS TODAY...AND ITS MENACE, AS THIS STORY PROVES... IS OVERWHELMING!

IN THE HOME OF JOHN FORSYTHE, WEALTHY ANTIQUE COLLECTOR...

...AND NOW FOR NEWS AT HOME...THE ART WORLD WAS GRIEVED TO LEARN OF THE DEATH OF SILAS LUNDIGAN, WORLD FAMOUS COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES...

TOO BAD! BUT THIS MEANS I'LL BE ABLE TO BID ON SOME ITEMS IN HIS COLLECTION WHEN THEY COME UP FOR AUCTION!



WEEKS LATER, AT THE AUCTION...

...AND NOW, THIS MEDIEVAL MIRROR, REPUTEDLY CONSTRUCTED BY ALBERTUS MAGNUS, THE GREAT MYSTIC OF THE DARK AGES! WHAT AM I BID?

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

OH, OH... SOMEONE ELSE WANTS THAT MIRROR...BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO OUTBID ME!

FIVE THOUSAND!



AS THE SPIRITED BIDDING IS CONCLUDED...

GOING ONCE...GOING TWICE...SOLD TO MR. JOHN FORSYTHE FOR \$32,000!

BAH...THE FILTHY RICH GET EVERYTHING!



OUTSIDE...

I'VE SPENT YEARS TRYING TO GET THAT MIRROR, AND I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE UP NOW!

BE GONE, MY GOOD MAN!...CAREFUL WITH THAT MIRROR, HAWKINS!

YES, SIR!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE FORSYTHE MANSION...

AH, A PRICELESS TREASURE! YET... THERE'S SOMETHING **STRANGE** ABOUT IT! THE SURFACE SEEMS ALMOST TO BE **RIPPLING**... AS IF SOMETHING WERE **HAPPENING**... **BEHIND IT!**



IN THE NEXT BREATHLESS MOMENT...

YE GODS... **FATHER!**



GOOD HEAVENS... HAVE I GONE **MAD**... OR DID I **REALLY** SEE FATHER'S GHOST EMERGE FROM THE MIRROR AND VANISH THROUGH THE WINDOW?



I... I'D BETTER GET A GRIP ON MYSELF! WAIT... I SEEM TO REMEMBER CERTAIN **SINISTER LEGENDS** ABOUT ALBERTUS MAGNUS! BUT I'D BETTER NOT TRUST TO MEMORY... I'LL LOOK HIM UP IN MY ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE OCCULT!

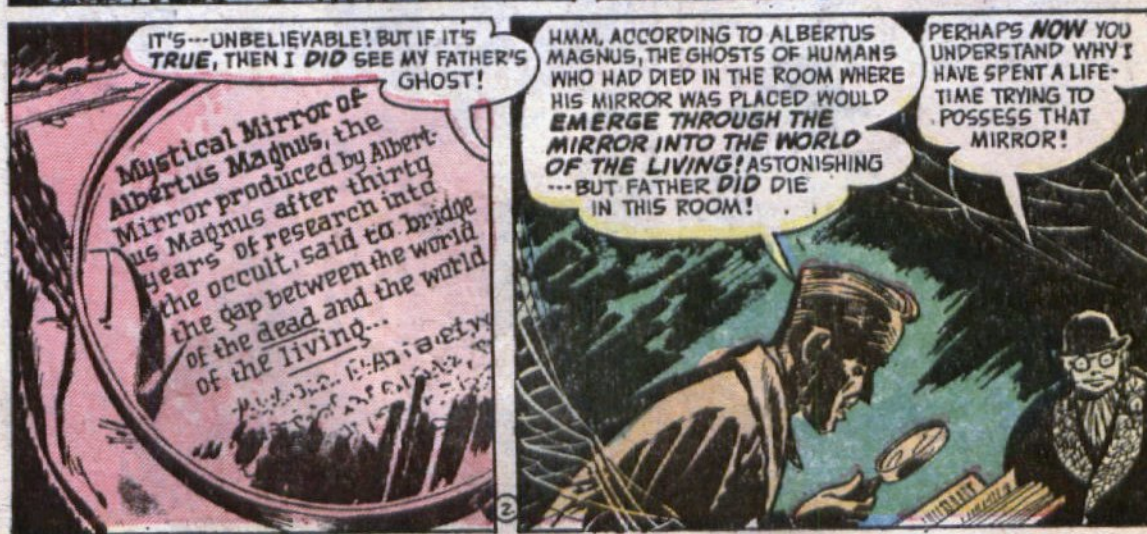


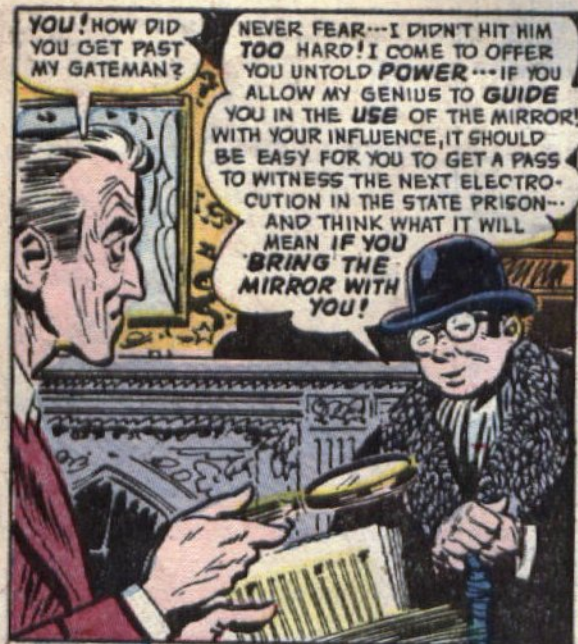
IT'S... UNBELIEVABLE! BUT IF IT'S **TRUE**, THEN I **DID** SEE MY FATHER'S GHOST!

Mystical Mirror of Albertus Magnus, the Mirror Magnus after thirty years of research into the occult, said to bridge the gap between the world of the dead and the world of the living...

HMM, ACCORDING TO ALBERTUS MAGNUS, THE GHOSTS OF HUMANS WHO HAD DIED IN THE ROOM WHERE HIS MIRROR WAS PLACED WOULD **EMERGE THROUGH THE MIRROR INTO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!** ASTONISHING... BUT FATHER **DID** DIE IN THIS ROOM!

PERHAPS **NOW** YOU UNDERSTAND WHY I HAVE SPENT A LIFE-TIME TRYING TO POSSESS THAT MIRROR!





YOU! HOW DID YOU GET PAST MY GATEMAN?

NEVER FEAR---I DIDN'T HIT HIM TOO HARD! I COME TO OFFER YOU UNTOLD **POWER**---IF YOU ALLOW MY GENIUS TO **GUIDE** YOU IN THE **USE** OF THE MIRROR! WITH YOUR INFLUENCE, IT SHOULD BE EASY FOR YOU TO GET A PASS TO WITNESS THE NEXT ELECTROCUTION IN THE STATE PRISON---AND THINK WHAT IT WILL MEAN IF YOU **BRING THE MIRROR WITH YOU!**



THE MOST VICIOUS MURDERERS OF OUR TIME WOULD PASS THROUGH THE MIRROR INTO **OUR** WORLD! THEY'LL **OBEY US**---SINCE WE CAN RETURN THEM TO THE LIMBO OF NOTHINGNESS BY SMASHING THE MIRROR! THEN WE'LL GO ON, TO RESURRECT OTHER FIENDISH KILLERS---UNTIL WE'VE AMASSED **AN ARMY OF THE MOST EVIL GHOSTS IN HISTORY**---AN ARMY THAT CAN MAKE YOU AND ME **RULERS OF THE EARTH!**

YOU'RE...**MAD!**



I INTEND TO USE THIS MIRROR FOR **GOOD** PURPOSES! NOW THAT I KNOW ITS POWERS, I'M GOING TO TAKE A ROOM AT THE MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL---AND LET THE GHOSTS OF ALL THE POOR UNFORTUNATES WHO DIED THERE COME BACK TO LIFE! THEN I'LL TOUR THE WORLD---AND SUMMON BACK THE GREAT GENIUSES WHO HELPED MAKE THIS A BETTER WORLD TO LIVE IN! NOW GET OUT---AND **DON'T COME BACK!**

VERY WELL, FOOL---BUT WE WILL MEET AGAIN!



HELLO, MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL? THIS IS JOHN FORSYTHE---I'D LIKE TO RESERVE A PRIVATE ROOM FOR TOMORROW NIGHT---I'LL WANT A COMPLETE MEDICAL CHECKUP IN THE MORNING!

VERY GOOD, SIR!

NEXT NIGHT, AT THE MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL---



STRANGE---I WONDER WHY THEY GAVE ME A ROOM WITH **BARRED WINDOWS**? OH WELL, AT LEAST I WON'T BE DISTURBED WHEN I RAISE THE GHOSTS OF THOSE WHO DIED RIGHT HERE! THE DOOR'S LOCKED, SO I CAN BEGIN IMMEDIATELY!



AH, SOMETHING'S COMING UP FROM BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE MIRROR! BUT WAIT---THAT FACE THAT'S TAKING SHAPE---IT'S **HIDEOUSLY EVIL!**



YE GODS---I---I'VE
SEEN THAT FACE
BEFORE--- BUT
WHERE?

IN THE NEWSPAPERS, NO
DOUBT-- THAT'S THE GHOST
OF MAD-DOG BLAKE,
THE INSANE KILLER WHO
DIED IN THIS
ROOM ONLY
LAST WEEK!



YOU AGAIN!

YES, IT WAS SIMPLE
ENOUGH TO BRIBE THE
HOSPITAL CLERK TO GIVE
YOU THIS PRISON WARD
ROOM! IT COST A FEW
HUNDRED DOLLARS
--- BUT IT WILL
GET ME THE
MIRROR!

AS THE GHOST OF THE MANIC LUNGES
MURDEROUSLY---

BUT AS THE GHOST DROPS THE LIFELESS BODY OF HIS VICTIM,
AND TURNS MURDEROUSLY---



HA, HA--- YOU
DIE--- WHILE
YOUR KILLER
BECOMES THE
FIRST RECRUIT
IN MY LEGION
OF EVIL!

YAAAGHHH!



NO--- STOP--- YOU MUSTN'T HARM
ME! I BROUGHT YOU BACK TO THE
WORLD OF THE LIVING--- I AM YOUR
MASTER! STAND BACK--- OR
I'LL FIRE A BULLET INTO THE
MIRROR AND RETURN YOU TO
THE LIMBO OF NOTHINGNESS!
GET BACK--- BACK---

BUT LOGICAL REASONING HAD NO
EFFECT ON THE GHOST OF A RAVING
MANIC! WITH A SUDDEN LUNGE---

WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED---



YAAAGHHH!

WELL, WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHY
THESE TWO MEN STRANGLED
EACH OTHER--- OR WHY FORSYTHE
BROUGHT ONE OF HIS ANTIQUE
MIRRORS HERE! BUT SINCE
IT'S HIS, WE'LL HAVE TO RE-
TURN IT TO HIS ESTATE---
IT'LL PROBABLY BE
SOLD AT AUCTION TO
GETHER WITH THE
REST OF HIS
JUNK!

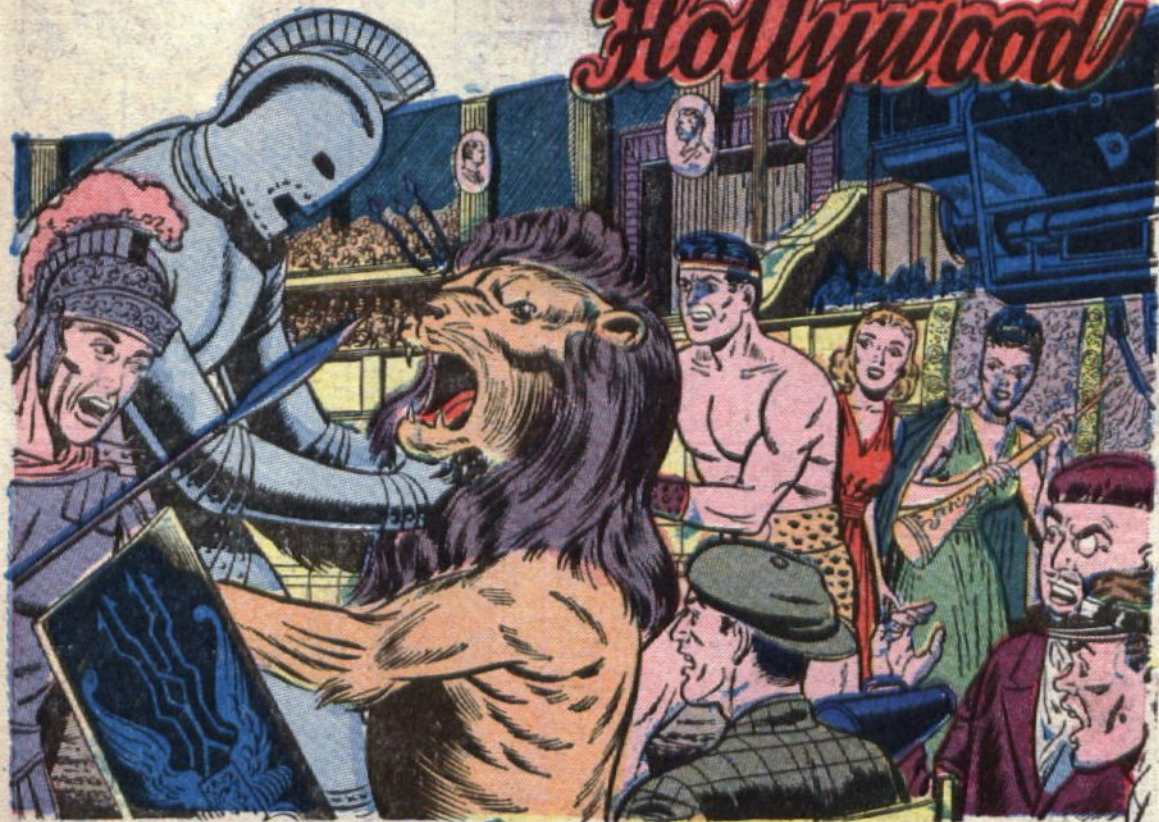
**THAT MIRROR WAS SOLD AT
AUCTION, READER--- BUT NO ONE
KNOWS WHERE IT IS TODAY! SO
IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE AN ANCIENT
MIRROR LIKE THE ONE BELOW IN THE
WINDOW OF SOME
ANTIQUE SHOP---**
BEWARE!



THE END!

YOU NEVER HEARD OF THE GOD **DIS**-- BUT THE ANCIENT ROMANS BELIEVED HE RULED THE INFERNAL REGIONS, AND SURRENDERED A BRIDE TO HIM EACH YEAR-- HOPING TO WIN THE MERCIES OF THIS GRIM DIETY! BUT AS SANDRA FORBES LEARNED, MERCY WAS UNKNOWN TO **DIS**-- THE DEALER IN DEATH!

HORROR in Hollywood



THE OFFICE OF GLENN MAXWELL-- DIRECTOR-PRODUCER FOR EMPIRE STUDIOS--

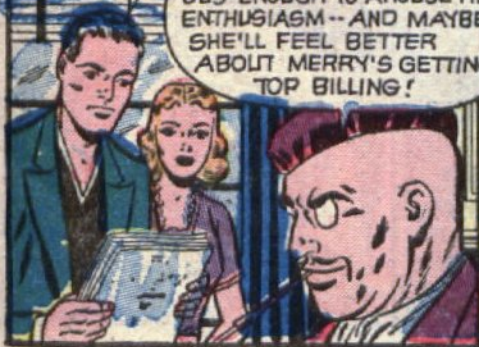
GLENN-- SANDRA'S GOT NO RIGHT TO HOLD UP PRODUCTION ON "THE **GLADIATOR**"-- MERELY BECAUSE SHE WANTS THE LEADING ROLE YOU ASSIGNED TO MERRY! SANDRA'S ALWAYS BEEN ENNIOUS OF MERRY--

LEAVE SANDRA TO ME, DON! I'VE SENT HER TO THE PROP DEPARTMENT TO LOOK OVER THE ROMAN COSTUMES AND OTHER ANTIQUE STUFF WE'VE BORROWED FROM ITALIAN MUSEUMS! IT'S GLAMOROUS ENOUGH TO AROUSE HER ENTHUSIASM-- AND MAYBE SHE'LL FEEL BETTER ABOUT MERRY'S GETTING TOP BILLING!

AT THAT MOMENT, SANDRA FORBES MAKES AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY--

"THIS HAS POSSIBILITIES... "IN ANCIENT ROME, THE CEREMONIAL TRUMPET OF **DIS** WAS BLOWN ON FEBRUARY 15TH-- TO SUMMON THE GOD OF THE INFERNAL REGIONS! **DIS** WOULD APPEAR AND CHOOSE A BRIDE, WHO WOULD SHARE HIS EVIL POWER!"

IT MIGHT WORK... WHY CAN'T **DIS** BE DRAWN FROM THE PAST. BY EVERYTHING THAT USED TO BE FAMILIAR TO HIM-- COSTUMES AND STAGE SETS DATING BACK TO ANCIENT ROME-- THIS VERY TRUMPET? AND WHY CAN'T I ARRANGE THINGS SO THAT WHEN **DIS** CHOOSES A BRIDE-- IT'LL BE ME? I'LL SHARE THE POWER OF **DIS**-- SOMETHING I CAN TURN AGAINST MERRY LEWIS AND EVERYONE ELSE I HATE!



NEXT DAY--

OKAY, SANDRA--IT'S A DEAL! YOU'RE WILLING TO LET MERRY STAR IN "THE GLADIATOR"-- PROVIDED WE DON'T START SHOOTING THE PICTURE UNTIL FEBRUARY 15TH!

RIGHT, GLENN-- AND INCIDENTALLY, HERE'S SOMETHING I PICKED OUT-- A TRUMPET TO ANNOUNCE THE ENTRANCE OF DON WAYNE INTO THE ARENA-- AS THE GLADIATOR!

THAT NIGHT-- NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S IRONED OUT-- I'D LIKE TO DRINK A TOAST TO "THE GLADIATOR"!

WAIT, DON-- DON'T YOU THINK I HEARD THAT RUMOR ABOUT YOU AND MERRY? HERE'S TO YOUR MARRIAGE-- AS SOON AS THE PICTURE'S FINISHED!

DARLING-- THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET!

THEY DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THERE'S GOING TO BE A BRIDE BEFORE THE PICTURE'S FINISHED-- AND IT'LL BE AN EVENT HOLLYWOOD WILL NEVER FORGET!

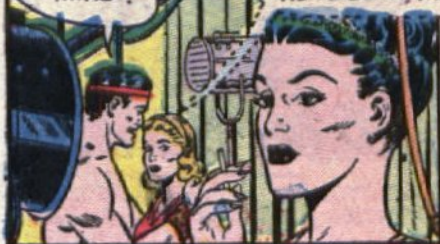


FEBRUARY 15TH WAS A FRENZIED DAY AT EMPIRE STUDIOS-- BUT NOT NEARLY AS FRENZIED AS IT USED TO BE-- IN ANCIENT ROME!

ALL THE TALENT OF HOLLYWOOD WENT INTO MAKING THE SETS FOR "THE GLADIATOR"-- REALISTIC ENOUGH TO EVOKE THE SPLENDOR OF ANCIENT ROME! BUT SANDRA FORBES WAS PREPARED FOR SOMETHING ELSE-- THE PAGAN HORROR OF THE INFERNAL ONE-- THE GOD CALLED D16!

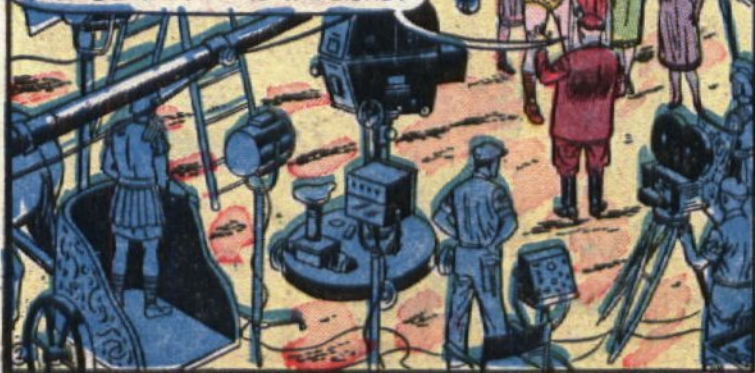
THAT COSTUME REALLY KICKS ME, HONEY! BUT WHAT'S WRONG-- GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND?

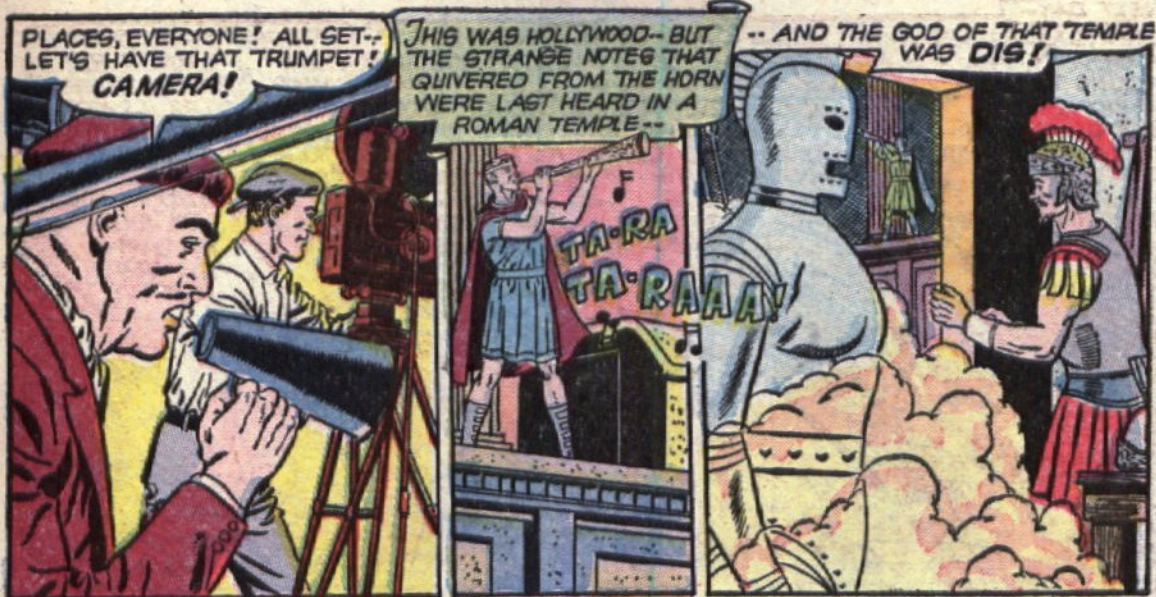
YES-- SANDRA! SHE SEEMS SMUGLY SATISFIED ABOUT SOMETHING, DON-- AND I'VE KNOWN HER LONG ENOUGH TO REALIZE IT MEANS TROUBLE!



OKAY-- WE'LL RUN THROUGH THE DETAILS OF THIS BIG SCENE! DON'S A GLADIATOR WHO'S GOING TO FIGHT A GIANT WARRIOR-- PLAYED BY JUMBO PETERSON! THE CROWD EXPECTS JUMBO TO WIN-- WHICH MEANS SANDRA, MERRY, AND THE REST OF THE GIRLS WILL BE THROWN TO THE LIONS!

AS I SAID BEFORE-- YOU GIRLS DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THOSE LIONS! THE CAMERA WON'T SHOW THAT TRICK GLASS BARRIER-- BUT THE LIONS CAN'T POSSIBLY GET INTO THE ARENA!





SO FAR, EVENTS HAD FOLLOWED THE SCRIPT FAIRLY CLOSELY-- BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT--

HOLY MACKEREL--
JUMBO-- TAKE
IT EASY!

DON-- WATCH OUT!
KEEP AWAY
FROM THAT
THING!

CLANG!

DIS COMEG--
FOR BRIDE!

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT
CREATURE ISN'T HUMAN--
WHAT IS IT?

POW!

I'LL TELL YOU-- HE'S A
ROMAN GOD-- AND
I KNOW EXACTLY
WHAT BROUGHT
HIM HERE!

CUT! IF
THIS IS A GAG--
SOMEONE'S
WINDING UP
WITH A
CANCELED
CONTRACT!

YOU WANT
A HUMAN
BRIDE!
CHOOSE
ME, DIS--
LET ME
SHARE YOUR
POWER AND
SHOW THESE
FOOLS WHAT
IT CAN
MEAN!

DIS-- HEARS!
DIS-- IS
PLEASED!

DIS-- HAS
CHOSEN!
DIS-- EM-
BRACES--
HIS
BRIDE!

DON-- HE'S GOT
THE STRENGTH
OF A BULLDOZER!
GET SANDRA
AWAY FROM
HIM!

THIS IS THE MOMENT SANDRA DREAMED
OF-- AND NOW-- AS THE CRUSHING GRIP
TIGHTENS--

HE'S AN--
IRON
MONSTER!
STOP-- LET
ME GO!

YOU ASKED-- TO BE--
A BRIDE OF DIS!

AN IRON MONSTER! WHAT CHANCE HAS FLESH
AND BONE-- WHAT CHANCE HAS SANDRA?

DIS-- TAKES
BRIDES--
TO
KILL!

OHhh!

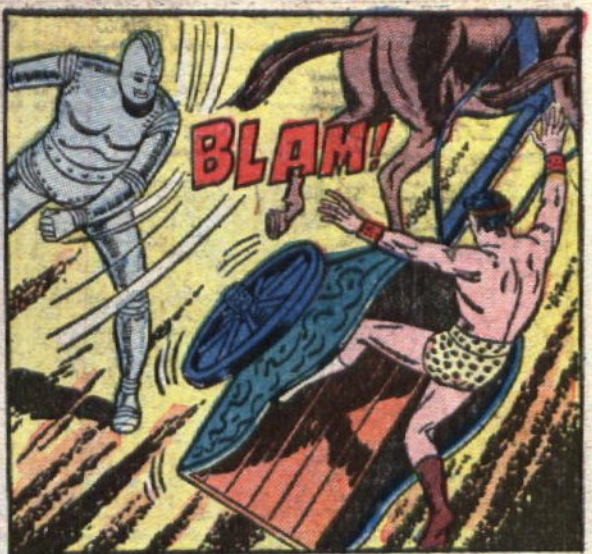
CREAK!

LET ME
HANDLE
HIM!



THIS MORTAL-- DARES
CHALLENGE DIS--
AGAIN!

DON-- BE
CAREFUL!
HE'LL KILL
YOU!



BLAM!

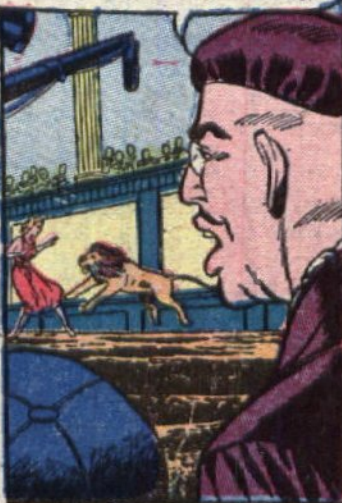


GOOD HEAVENS--
THE LIONS!

THEY'RE CHARGING STRAIGHT
AT MERRY-- AND SHE'S
TOO TERRIFIED TO RUN!

DIS-- FEARS
NOTHING!
NOT HUMANS
--NOT LIONS!

OH! I
CAN'T
STAND
THIS! I'M
BLACKING
OUT!



DIS-- SAVED YOU?
NOW YOU BELONG--
TO DIS!

MERRY! YE GODS--
I CAN'T LET THAT
MONSTER
TOUCH HER!



DESPERATELY, DON LUNGES-- AND IS MOCKED
BY THE METALLIC IMPACT!

HO HO HOHO!

SPLANG!

AS THE TERRIBLE FORM PLODS THROUGH THE STUDIO WITH HIS HELPLESS CAPTIVE--

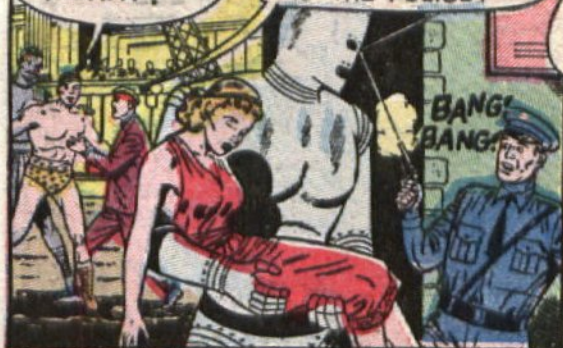
BUT WHEN THE POLICE CAME-- IT SOUNDED LIKE AN OLD STORY!

LET GO, YOU FOOLS! DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET HIM TAKE MERRY?

WHAT GOOD'LL IT DO-- IF YOU GET YOURSELF KILLED? RELAX, DON-- YOU GOT TO LEAVE IT TO THE POLICE!

SO THIS IRON MAN HEADED DOWN WILTSHIRE BOULEVARD WITH MERRY LEWIS, HUH? LOOK, FELLAS-- SINCE WHEN DOES THE LAW HAVE TO STOOGE FOR A HAMMY PUBLICITY STUNT?

WE'RE WASTING TIME! IF YOU'VE GOT TO BE CONVINCED-- COME ONTO THE SET AND TAKE A LOOK AT SANDRA FORBES' BODY!



WELL?

HOLY SMOKE-- WHERE IS SHE? I TELL YOU THAT IRON GOD CRUSHED SANDRA TO DEATH-- AND HER BODY WAS LYING RIGHT HERE!

GLENN-- LOOK! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO SANDRA'S BODY!

YOU COMICS ARE CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR! TRY IT AGAIN-- AND I'LL YANK THE TWO OF YOU IN FRONT OF A JUDGE!

THAT NIGHT, DON PACES THE DARKENED STUDIO-- HOPELESSLY GROPING FOR A CLUE TO THE UNKNOWN!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT-- SANDRA EXPECTED DIS-- SO THERE MUST BE SOME WAY IN WHICH HE CAN BE SUMMONED! IT'S MY ONE CHANCE OF FINDING MERRY-- BUT HOW CAN I LEARN THE METHOD-- WITH SANDRA DEAD?



HOLY MACKEREL-- IT'S SANDRA'S GHOST!

I DIED A VICTIM OF MY OWN HATRED-- BUT NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT LOVE MEANS TO YOU AND MERRY-- I WANT TO MAKE AMENDS IN THE AFTERLIFE! THERE'S WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, DON-- BLOW A BLAST ON THE TRUMPET!



LOOK-- INTO THE MISTS OF THE BEYOND! THEY'RE COMING-- DIS AND MERRY!



DON! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU AGAIN!

YOU SEE HIM--FOR THE LAST TIME! WHEN A MORTAL--DEFIES DIS--HE DIES!



DIS--DO YOU REMEMBER THAT I DIED--YOUR CHOSEN ONE? NOW I SHARE YOUR POWER--AND I GIVE IT TO HIM--TO PIT AGAINST YOU!

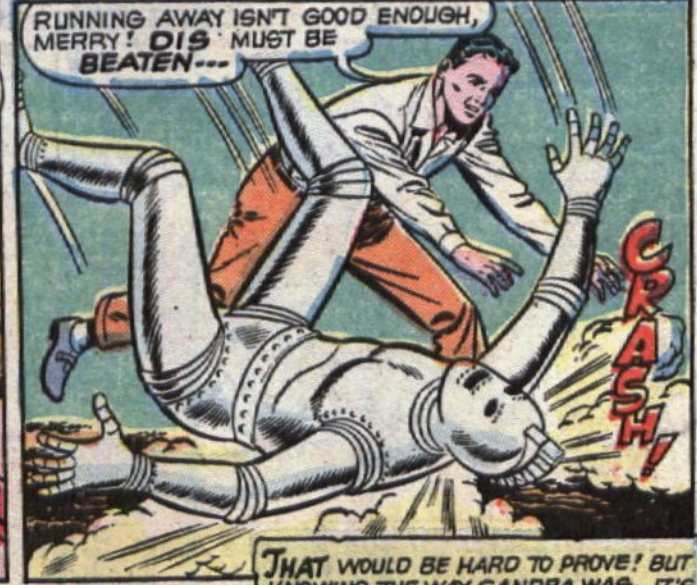


GREAT GUNS--I CAN FEEL SOMETHING CRACKLING THROUGH MY BODY! IT'S THE ONE THING I NEEDED TO MEET DIS ON EQUAL TERMS--SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!



NOT--EQUAL TERMS! DIS--IS A GOD! DIS--IS FEARED!

DON--DON'T TRY TO FIGHT HIM! WE CAN ESCAPE--WE'VE GOT TO!



RUNNING AWAY ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH, MERRY! DIS--MUST BE BEATEN---

CRASH!



LIKE THIS!

AND ONE THING MORE, DON! LET DIS TAKE THE TRUMPET BACK WITH HIM TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS--FOREVER!



DIS WAS AN EVIL GOD--BUT A WISE GOD! WISE ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN TO QUIT! BUT SANDRA HAD THE RIGHT IDEA, HONEY! NOW THAT DIS IS LEAVING THE EARTH WITH THE TRUMPET THAT SUMMONED HIM--IT MEANS HE CAN NEVER RETURN!



THAT WOULD BE HARD TO PROVE! BUT KNOWING THE WAY SANDRA WAS--IT'S INTERESTING TO WONDER JUST HOW LONG SHE WAS CONTENT TO SHARE THE POWER OF DIS!

DIS HAS ADVICE--FOR OTHER GODS! IF GODDESSES ARE NOT--GOOD ENOUGH--STAY AWAY--FROM WOMEN!

WHEN YOU GET THAT BRIMSTONE TIDIED UP, DIS--DON'T FORGET TO STIR THE BOILING LAVA! THIS PLACE IS GETTING TO BE A MESS!

The End

BOYS! GIRLS! MOTHERS! DADS!

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ALL DIFFERENT!

YOURS FREE—these 221 fascinating stamps from all over the earth. Each stamp is **different!** Total price—in Standard Catalog—guaranteed to be **AT LEAST FIVE DOLLARS!** And they have not been "picked over"—so there's no telling what valuable stamps you may find. **ALL ARE YOURS FREE** if you send for the Complete Stamp Collector's Outfit described below. This amazing offer is bound to go "like hotcakes." So don't be left out. Mail coupon **AT ONCE!**

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STALIN—This one-sided stamp "insulted" out from behind Iron Curtain at great risk



FRANCE OCEANIE—Rare 10c stamp of French Oceania in tropical dance



MADAGASCAR—Vital island in World War II. On coast of Africa



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DETROIT—This stamp shows a unique view of a modern city



RUSSIA—This unique stamp was of a Russian soldier



COSTA RICA—Rare 1c stamp of Central American Republic



TOGOLAND—Interesting stamp of African women pounding grain

HERE'S EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO START ENJOYING THIS MOST FASCINATING OF ALL HOBBIES

ALSO FREE! WHILE SUPPLY LASTS! Rare Set of 5 Anti-Communist Stamps



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Now it's **EASY** for YOU to get started. Right WITH the 221 Free Stamps described above we will send you a Complete Stamp Collector's Outfit. If you decide to keep it, the price is **ONLY ONE DOLLAR**. But if you **DON'T** think it's the biggest bargain you ever saw, simply send it back—and we'll refund your dollar AND YOUR POSTAGE, TOO! Could any offer be fairer?

The Outfit contains the five items listed and shown at left... **EVERYTHING YOU NEED** to get started on this exciting hobby. You'll have fun and excitement starting a collection that can grow in value for the rest of your life!

EXAMINE KIT FOR 7 DAYS WITHOUT RISK!

Mail coupon and \$1 now. The complete Outfit—together with the 221 Free Stamps and other interesting offers—will be sent to you for a week's examination. Unless you're delighted with your bargain, return it—and we'll promptly refund your dollar and your postage, too!

You don't risk a single penny. You get a tremendous bargain, so mail coupon **RIGHT AWAY**. If coupon has been used, send \$1 **DIRECT** to

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Valuable set issued by German-occupied France to get French volunteers to fight Soviet Russia. This set—now obsolete—is yours **FREE** while supply lasts even if you do NOT keep the Collector's Kit!

LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. AAG-3 Littleton, New Hampshire

Send me, **FREE**, the 221 foreign stamps—guaranteed all different—guaranteed Standard Catalog price over \$5.00. Also send me **FREE**, the set of **ANTI-COMMUNIST STAMPS** while supply lasts. Also send for 7 days' examination the Complete Stamp Collector's KIT containing the 5 valuable items described at left.

I enclose \$1 as a deposit. After 7 days' examination, I may return everything (except the **ANTI-COMMUNIST STAMPS** which I may keep **FREE**) and you will return my dollar—AND my postage. Or I will keep the kit and the 221 **FREE STAMPS**, and you may keep my dollar as payment in full.

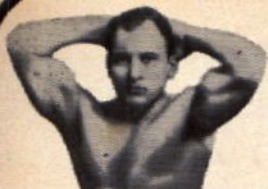
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- 2 "How to Collect Postage Stamps." Helpful book tells how to be an expert; many fascinating stories about stamps.
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- 4 Special Watermark Detector; how to use.
- 5 250 Gummed Hinges, to attach stamps to album pages.



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—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."
—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."
—T. K., New York

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*Charles
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